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THE WAR

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NEWS & VIEWS

The Diocesan Bugle

Don Quinn's elegant bug-out as managing editor of the *St. Louis Review* does not leave on the Catholic scene many of the post-WW II editors who breathed some momentary life into the diocesan press. Gerry Sherry is out in the provinces somewhere, and Floyd Anderson has gone into the trenches of the Archdiocese of Chicago. But most of the others have split, some long since.

It's probably a natural process, but it takes on the characteristic of a phenomenon when no one comes along to fill the gaps.

With Quinn's departure, authority at the *St. Louis Review* solidifies in the hands of the clergy. This fits the wider pattern.

The laity has lost interest in Catholic journalism as an occupation, so almost of necessity the turn is back to priest-editors.

But the turn would likely have come anyway. Priests, on balance, are better risks for bishop-publishers. It's only an occasional cleric who bows out with a blast such as Quinn aimed at Cardinal Carberry.

One consequence is that the diocesan press is moving steadily toward the situation of an earlier day, when the Catholic weekly was not only clerically controlled and dominated, but also clerically edited. This apparently suits the bishops fine, and it seems not to disturb those folks still reading the diocesan press—at least not so much as to make them raise hue and cry.

At one time—as when John O'Connor was fighting to save his typewriter from rape at San Francisco and Wilmington—concerned laity organized protests in behalf of the editor's cause. Today they quietly turn off; last year the Catholic press of the U.S. lost 2,155,405 of its circulation.

But the malaise goes deeper than a dearth of new lay editors. There's also no new breed of specifically Catholic writers. One drops from the Dan Callahan-Mike Novak generation into a near-total void. The *National Catholic Reporter* knows; it's having a not easy time plugging the holes in its pages left by resignations of columnists Callahan and John Cogley.

So to a lack of good lay editors add a lack of interested and available talent. The Catholic press just isn't part of the picture for the younger Catholic writer.

What are the prospects for change? Not good. The diocesan press' problems are the problems of religion generally, compounded by a host of institutional impediments. Overcome every one of these difficulties and one is still confronted with the disengagement of new Catholic talent.

Some observers are saying that the days of the diocesan press are numbered. They well may be. If they are, figure primary among the reasons the diocesan press' inability to attract to the ranks a new generation of journalists and editors.

And it never will so long as its shades are black-clerical and grey, middle-aged lay.

Post-Mortem

Never very smooth in getting best foot forward, the Archdiocese of New York stumbled to form at the all-star press conference called to accent the support of the religious community for the Vietnam Moratorium.

Father William J. Tobin, representing Cardinal Cooke, announced that two special Masses for peace would be celebrated on Moratorium day in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Did these Masses signify the archdiocese's support of the Moratorium? Tobin said he did not know.

Where did he himself stand on the Moratorium? Tobin said he was "personally" opposed.

PLANTE/LNS

It was like sending an embalmer to greet a convention of physicians.

Television recorded the embarrassment, but the cardinal was spared. He was in Rome for the Synod. No Moratorium could disturb attendance at that—only New York's gala political fete, the Al Smith dinner, which Cardinal Cooke commuted to the day after the Moratorium.

Speaking of the Moratorium, movie theaters in many cities showed free the film, "Oh, What A Lovely War." But in Jersey City, the film festival at St. Peter's College pushed ahead with its scheduled feature, "The Green Berets."

Finally, the Moratorium Day committee in Braintree, Mass., demonstrated how to counter establishment intransigence. Denied the use of Veterans' Memorial Hall for their peace demonstration by the town selectmen, Moratorium officials chose then the town dump, "an area of waste and desolation [which] symbolizes the Vietnam War."

McNamara and the Pope

The World Bank's linking of aid to Latin America with demographic controls is producing results opposite of those intended by World Bank president Robert McNamara, according to Gladys Delmas of the *Washington Post*.

"McNamara's stand . . . has broadened the spectrum of those opposed to family planning," Delmas writes. "The masses of devout Catholics, many of whom might have been ready to ignore the Pope's injunction against birth control, have been reinforced by nationalists and leftist anticlerical, anti-Yankees," who label birth control the upper-class' device for dodging a restructuring of a lop-sided society.

She accents the point with a quote from a young Mexican: "McNamara has done almost as much damage as the Pope."

Say That Again, Slowly

The *New York Times* is up to its old tricks. The following in its entirety from p. 6, Oct. 2:

KEKKONEN IN PRAGUE

PRAGUE, Oct. 1 (AP)—President Urho Kekkonen of Finland arrived in Czechoslovakia today on a state visit. He came here on the last leg of a journey that has taken him to Rumania and Hungary.

A Secret Service spokesman in Washington explained that President Kennedy's children, John and his 12-year-old sister, Caroline, were entitled to the agency's guards until they had reached the age of 17.

"And there are so many factors—we're losing good construction weather with every day that passes. We have families waiting to move in. It's a terrible thing," he said.

And still cropping up as newspaper filler is . . . you guessed it, the crossbow business. The following from the Oct. 22 Mamaroneck (N.Y.) *Daily Times:*

"The Roman Church forbade the use of the crossbow in 1139 as being too barbarous for use in warfare between Christians. Its employment against Moslems or other 'infidels' was, however, deemed perfectly appropriate." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

The Bishop and Dan B.

Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: The students at Howard University have declined to participate in the Moratorium on the War in Vietnam, declaring that all "alliances between Black and White students are useless." This position shows, I believe, a striking lack of moral sensitivity on their part, and on the previous Friday, I plan to preach a sermon (a part of my regular duties at the School of Religion), in which I will use Daniel Berrigan's brilliant piece—"The Bishop and the Ghosts of Filleto" [Oct. 10]. The insight into the inadequacies of all pragmatic rationalisms before the stark moral challenge of culpability for death is so prophetically sharpened in this piece, that I could not have found a better one to speak the word which I wish to give to the students on the war.

Yet, without in any way detracting what I have said above, I must again take up the rather painful task of pointing to the limitations of Daniel Berrigan's view. To be willing to commit yourself, even unto death, is indeed the full moral commitment to life, but simply by itself, it doesn't translate into salvation for anyone else. Commitment even unto death is an absolute, but an absolute which then must be related back to the day to day. Because Daniel Berrigan wants this one word to stand by itself, self-sufficient, and regards any attempt to relate it to other, more relative words, as an immoral vacillation, he misses the mark on the side of a kind of asceticism which simply confines us to the catacombs of apocalyptic resistance and does not really make us useful for daily life.

The ecstatic visionary, after seeing the ultimate values, then has to come back into the ambiguity of daily life, where, as in Kierkegaard's Knight of Faith, perhaps he will not stand out or look very different from anyone

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COMMONWEAL A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature and the Arts. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. Printed in the USA and published weekly, except biweekly Christmas-New Year's and July-September, by Commonweal Publishing Co, 232 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016 MUrray Hill 3-2042. Copyright © 1969 Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc. US and Canada, $12 a year. Foreign $14. Single copies 40¢

THIS WAY OUT

How can we get out of Vietnam? Will President Nixon answer that question in his November 3 address to the nation? At this writing, the omens are not favorable. Certainly that is *the* question which must be answered. The success of Moratorium Day cannot be doubted: Mr. Agnew's castigation of its organizers as "an effete corps of impudent snobs who characterize themselves as intellectuals" has indeed all the ringing conviction of Canute desperately shouting at the rising tide. The Moratorium demonstrated two things: Americans want to end the war, and they do not trust their leaders to do it. But the Moratorium also had another effect: it involved, actively, vast numbers of citizens whose concern about Vietnam had previously been vague, peripheral or private. These people want answers even to old questions which long-time opponents of the war may think have been debated to death. The mini-Red Scare which the Vice-President tried to create over Hanoi's message to the Moratorium Committee was only laughable to more experienced war critics; to many new members of the anti-war constituency it had a mild bite. Likewise, old questions and old charges about "immediate withdrawal," "unilateralism" and "new isolationism" have again been raised, and the expanded anti-war movement does require clear answers, even at the risk of repetition.

The mass media are already responding to the new demand for answers, and often in such a way as to obscure the issues rather than clarify them. When *Time* titles a cover story, "What If We Just Pull Out?" one has the feeling that the "Just" goes a long way to prejudice the argument from the beginning. Nonetheless, it should be noted that the *Time* title is a sign of the new debate opening up: it would be unthinkable for *Time* to do a cover story titled "What If We Just Stay In?" although until recently that was precisely *Time*'s editorial hope. Similarly, a *Newsweek* cover asks "Which Way Out?" The question no longer is "Can We Get Out?" or "Should We Get Out?" And this new debate will be fed by President Nixon's speech, by the current Senate hearings on American involvement in Laos, by Senator Fulbright's announced hearings on Vietnam, by the November two-day Moratorium and the Washington March Against Death scheduled for November 14-15.

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Well, then, precisely how can we get out of Vietnam? The answer "by boats" may be a fittingly blunt reply to two Administrations' pretense that this question is too complex for solution and that there are no alternatives to present policy; but finally war critics must do better than that. The ground badly needs clearing of the many unexamined assumptions about U.S. withdrawal. A few of them:

● *The U.S. must avoid "humiliation."* First, there is no evidence that Hanoi or the Vietcong desire to humiliate the United States. The nominal head of the N.L.F. has recently announced this specifically. Second, is it all that certain that a little "humiliation"—in the sense of a keen awareness of the error of our ways and the limits of our power—would be a terrible thing for the U.S.? Third, as travelers overseas know, the U.S. is already "humiliated"—for our *involvement* in Vietnam as well as for assassinations, violence in our cities, racial oppression, and enduring poverty in the midst of riches.

● *The rest of Southeast Asia will be affected by America's departure from Vietnam.* Indeed, Asia will be affected, but it is seldom asked how much, or whether the effects are necessarily so bad. In fact, Cambodia and Laos are the only two nations directly threatened by the pressures which could be mounted by a Communist Vietnam. No one has yet detailed why the United States has a major stake in those nations' current regimes. Nor can it be assumed, without solider evidence, that "diminished U.S. prestige" in Asia would be a bad thing for that region and world peace.

● *Withdrawal from Vietnam would spark either a "new isolationism" or a new wave of McCarthyism such as that set in motion by the "who-lost-China" reaction.* Another unexamined assumption: that the "new isolationism" would be a negative direction for U.S. policy. *Time*, for example, refers to the new isolationism as "the sentiment for 'No More Vietnams.'" If that is what new isolationism is, then millions of Americans will be standing in line ready to sign up.

As for the danger of McCarthyism, that will depend on the willingness of the President and other national leaders to stand by any reversal of Vietnam policy and to firmly oppose Red-baiting hysteria. McCarthyism didn't just "happen" the first time around; it was abetted by people like Richard Nixon and tolerated by people like Dwight Eisenhower. It won't happen the second time around—unless people like Spiro Agnew and Attorney General Mitchell and George Meany and *Time* magazine want it to happen.

● *American withdrawal would lead to the slaughter of a great many innocent Vietnamese.* For many Americans, this is the most effective argument against U.S. withdrawal, even when they suspect Washington of insincerity in its concern for those innocents who might suffer retribution in the future while the war effort slaughters innocents in the present. So far, there is little that can be guessed about a post-war "bloodbath." Claims such as that of Joseph Alsop that a Communist government would execute a million and a half Vietnamese appear to be transparent propaganda, meant to bolster the case for continuing the war. Roger Hilsman, former Assistant Secretary of State, expert in Southeast Asian affairs, and no dove, doubts that the Vietcong would make a policy of retribution. Yet civil wars seldom end without purges and an evening of old scores. Americans have every right to be worried about the fate of many Vietnamese, especially since it has been America's intervention which has compromised many of them, prolonged the nation's quarrel, and embittered its divisions. But they should realize that purges and penalties would likewise result from a Thieu victory (as they did from Diem's installation); and that carrying on the war only delays the day of reckoning while doing nothing to lessen the toll of victims. We might more profitably open our doors to Vietnamese refugees as we did to fugitives from Castro.

Closely examined, none of these assumptions, except possibly the last, provides a serious obstacle to U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam. Yet to clear the ground is not to construct a policy, and Americans want to know precisely what steps Washington ought to follow. There are, for example, several proposals in the U.S. Senate that spell out a line of action. Senator Charles Goodell (R., N.Y.) asks the withdrawal of all combat and non-combat U.S. troops by December 1970. Senators Harold Hughes and Thomas Eagleton propose cutting off U.S. aid to South Vietnam in 60 days unless the Thieu regime frees political prisoners, allows free speech and political organization, and presents a plan for representative provisional government.

Both these proposals need explaining, however, for both are subject to the Administration's criticism that they remove any pressure on the insurgents to negotiate a settlement. Thus the old division arises between proposals for withdrawal and proposals for negotiations.

Actually, the Goodell and Hughes-Eagleton bills both aim at the same objective: to cut America's ties with the present Saigon government. And in doing so, they do not hamper negotiations but strike at the root difficulty which has kept negotiations from succeeding.

That difficulty is the U.S.'s continued desire to maintain a non-Communist, pro-American government in South Vietnam; and its refusal to subordinate this goal to other goals such as ending the war and assuring the post-war safety of as many Vietnamese as possible. The war in Vietnam has always been over who will rule that country; and between Thieu's regime and the Vietcong there can be no compromise—as Thieu himself has repeatedly made clear. Behind all the phrases about participation in the political life of the country, all they finally ask of one another is surrender.

Between the Vietcong and Hanoi and the United

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States, however, compromise is possible—once the U.S. reverses its fundamentally mistaken and immoral decision to determine the type of government in South Vietnam, even at the cost of a major war. To this day, that decision has not been reversed. The government's fears about Goodell's bill are open admissions of the fact that American support keeps Thieu in power, while the government's boasts about the progress of "Vietnamization" are open admissions of its desire to keep Thieu in power permanently.

The issue is not in reality "*immediate* withdrawal"; a recent news story emphasized how long the sanitary procedures alone would take in withdrawing American forces and equipment. (We are much more solicitous about the danger of bringing Vietnamese infections to the U.S. than about infecting the Vietnamese with our own particular ills.) Nor would withdrawal be "unilateral" in the sense of abandoning the advantages of negotiations. What is demanded, however, is *an immediate, unilateral reversal of America's commitment to the Thieu regime* or indeed any particular regime in Saigon. Having signalled such a reversal to the Vietcong and Hanoi, either in private or publicly through scheduled troop withdrawals, the U.S. can then give its attention to other objectives: providing for the safety of Vietnamese who might be subject to reprisals, through a cooling-off period, international inspection, and population movements; preventing any sudden upheavals in the rest of Southeast Asia (although not expecting to contain all change) that might trigger U.S. opinion and "more Vietnams"; repairing the damage we have done to Vietnam so that it can become a stable, independent nation and no longer the puppet theater of any great power.

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Strung Out and Gassed at Fort Dix

I can't help it, don't think me insane but I'm happy. I'm as excited as hell. This is my chance, this is all of our chance to really do something to show up this military machine for what it is. To be certain this is risky . . . but still I'm fighting, don't you see? This is the biggest thing I've ever been into and now it's up to me to prove my worth.

—from a letter written by Pvt. E-1 Terry Klug in his cell at Fort Dix, N.J. after a stockade riot in June.

I last saw Terry Klug in Paris at the wedding party of a mutual friend. That was in January and he was excited as hell then, too, because he was about to return to the United States and surrender himself to the forces of military justice after almost 18 AWOL months in Europe, months in which he had developed from a scared soldier on the run from abhorrent death-duty in Vietnam to a full-fledged radical with deep political convictions and a firm determination to do something about them.

Nine months earlier Terry—tall, lean, blond, 21, always quick to smile—had told me he left Fort Bragg, N.C., in July, 1967, when his unit received orders for Vietnam, "because I just didn't see anything there worth killing or dying for." At the wedding party he said, "The scene's okay here (Paris, bleak refuge for many deserters and draft resisters) but I want to go back where the real action is, back to the army, because I think I can do better work from the inside."

Though Terry surrendered to military authorities in January, he wasn't brought to trial until last April; a general court martial found him guilty of desertion and sentenced him to three years in prison. Then on June 5 there was a riot at the Fort Dix stockade involving about 150 men with a long list of grievances including overcrowding (700 and more GIs in a stockade built for 350), bad food, tampering with mail, beatings and other forms of abuse. Terry and four other prisoners—Jeff Russell, Bill Brakefield, Tom Catlow and Carlos Rodriguez—were cornered as ringleaders and charged with conspiracy to riot, rioting, aggravated arson, and destruction of government property, charges which could net each of them more than 40 years in jail.

Terry wrote in the same letter: "I was fingered, along with Brakefield and a few others before anyone had any evidence at all against us. The CID (Criminal Investigation Division) bribed and blackmailed the prisoners into making statements against us. The cops would inform a guy that he was in serious trouble and that they had sworn statements against him and that the only way for him to get off the hook would be for him to squeal."

Many of those threatened by the CID refused to testify against the five and were subsequently charged with lesser counts of conspiracy. They make up the group of soldier-prisoners which has become known as the "Fort Dix 38" and which provided the rallying cry for the first large-scale civilian demonstration ever to get its people onto a military reservation.

When I learned there would be a march on Fort Dix on October 12, I decided to add my body to the effort in hopes of becoming relevant again after spending 28 months in Europe, where even the most radical American civilian is limited to a very low-grade vicarious talky sort of political action. But mostly I had it in my head to try to do something for Terry, who'd already done so much more than the safe little group of Americans he'd left in Paris.

I joined the 350-strong New York University contingent and was bussed early that Sunday morning from

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Greenwich Village, under the Hudson River, through the desperation of eastern New Jersey, and out to the mostly agricultural flat lands of the Garden State where Fort Dix is the main industry or "The Home Of The Ultimate Weapon," as it says over the main gate of the base. On the bus I was given a gas mask—"based on the Vietcong original"—made of a plastic shower cap with a clear panel for seeing, a gauze panel for breathing in, and a limp tube for breathing out.

The Indian Summer day was hot and promising as groups including the American Servicemen's Union, SDS, Black Panthers, Young Patriots and the Catholic Peace Fellowship arrived from all over the East and rallied at an anti-war coffee house in Wrightstown, a trailer-court plastic and clapboard little town which lives off the soldiers! The local authorities had issued a parade permit (figuring it would be futile not to) and the demonstrators formed along a road to the base. The line was easily a mile long, the marchers six and eight abreast. An ex-Army officer with me, who'd done a lot of crowd-estimating for Uncle Sam, mostly in the Dominican Republic, worked some Army mystery formula, came up with a figure of more than 13,000 and decided there were "at least 10,000 people there without being at all generous." (The *New York Times* reported about 4,000.)

Shortly before three in the afternoon, after a long rally and a slow march, the feminine vanguard (cops are supposedly reluctant to club girls) reached the base. Barbed wire blocked entry roads but wide grassy areas were left unguarded so the girls veered off the road and led the long column deep into a meadow, everybody chanting "Brass lives high while GIs die," "Free the Fort Dix 38," "End the war now," hoping to get to the stockade in a show of support for the five, the 38, *all* the prisoners, 90 percent of whom are said to be there on AWOL charges. But the whole base had been restricted to quarters and the only GIs to be seen were from the thousand-man MP unit flown in from Fort Meade, Md., apparently because the Dix command could not trust its own MP's.

What happened next happened fast but even then it seemed a slow-motion sunny surrealism that guided men's actions in the bright green afternoon. The column had fanned out in the meadow, more-or-less parallel to the highway and face-to-face with the helmeted, gas-masked, flak-jacketed MP's bristling with bayonet-tipped M-16s. The provost marshal, Col. Herman Carr, backed by a nervous chaplain, announced with his bull horn: "This is to advise you that you are in violation of Federal law and if you persist you will be arrested. Go back to the road."

Seconds later one of the cop creatures with a tank on his back pointed his nozzle at the crowd and let fly a few bursts of gas and within a few more seconds the vilest, most potent gas I've ever breathed rendered the thousands of demonstrators helpless. Face, eyes, nose, throat, lungs went aflame and there was no longer any question of persisting, of suffering the gas and pressing on to the stockade. People retched and wept in panic as the MP's herded them back to the highway, unmoved by their cries: "We're your brothers, we're here for you!" The Vietcong gas masks were all but useless though a few people were able to prevent extreme effects by skilled use of them.

It was all over then but for the announcement that 365 prisoners had been released the night before to forestall another stockade riot in the face of the demonstration. Just that sniff of victory as the stunned column marched along the length of Dix back to their cars and buses, shouting slogans at MP's who guarded every inch of the way. Strangely there was no hostility on the faces of these young conscripted cops who'd been tempered by the October, 1967 Pentagon affair. They did what they were told, confident no one would resist the awful gas, let alone the rifles and bayonets.

INTERIM POSTSCRIPT:

The day after the demonstration members of the American Servicemen's Union saw Terry Klug at Fort Dix at the pre-court-martial hearing of one of the five men. Terry told him, "We know what happened yesterday, it's all anybody is talking about on base. It really made us feel good. Our *only* hope in this thing is massive outside support."

Court-martials for the five will probably be held in mid-November. Each faces more than 40 years in prison and the word is the prosecution will push for the limit to make examples of these men and break the spirit of other GIs who are fighting to preserve their humanity, who are refusing to go along with the military machine.

(Leonard J. Berry, a former writer-reporter for the American Broadcasting System, recently returned from Europe.)

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The Russians Are Coming at UCLA

Los Angeles

"We had no idea she was a Communist, we thought she was a radical." Thus one professor at UCLA recounted the hiring last spring of Angela Davis, a young black philosophy instructor who has been fired by the University of California regents for being a Communist. (She is teaching a non-credit course while she appeals to a committee of the UCLA faculty; but the committee is only advisory and there is virtually no chance the regents will reverse their decision.)

After all that has happened on campuses in California and elsewhere, it is strange to see a university embroiled

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in a controversy over Communism and academic freedom. The issue is so passé it is almost banal. Back in 1940 the regents passed a rule banning Communists and reaffirmed it in the midst of the cold war in 1949; the rule even had the support of the university faculty at the time. But this fall, the UCLA faculty voted 539 to 12 to condemn the firing of Miss Davis and by an even larger margin to rescind its own endorsement of the Communist ban. The state-wide Academic Senate representing all nine university campuses voted unanimously against the ban.

In fact, the issue seems so clear to the university community that people cannot get very excited about it. Blacks tried to organize a strike but they abandoned the plan when white allies said they could not muster enough support. Even a more moderate plan to withhold grades until Miss Davis was restored to full status was rejected by the faculty. At one student rally, radical rhetoric about taking "direct action" over the issue failed to elicit any response more energetic than a yawn.

(This lack of militancy among whites has annoyed the black faculty and students, many of whom, like Miss Davis, have recently been recruited under a special program to attract more minorities to UCLA. The blacks also complain that some white professors have exerted leadership and tried to steal their show. At a press conference following her first non-credit lecture Miss Davis was flanked by three professors, all white. In their upset, some blacks have made the rather wild statement that the firing was based on racism, a charge even Miss Davis denies.)

But the fact that the university is so united, and thus so unexcited, over the Davis case indicates the enormous split in California between the academic community and the general public. (The regents are probably only slightly more conservative than the public as a whole. The 24-member board includes Governor Ronald Reagan, Lt. Governor Ed Reinecke, and State Superintendent of Schools Max Rafferty—all right-wing Republicans. When you add Reagan's appointees the conservatives now have a clear majority. Fewer than half a dozen holdovers appointed by former Governor Edmund G. Brown, including Fred Dutton, the old Kennedy political aide, are outspoken liberals.)

After the board voted overwhelmingly to fire Miss Davis one regent explained, "We couldn't afford to be called soft on Communism." Reagan and his allies undoubtedly help provoke public opposition to Communists—and the university—but they are also responding to a genuine fear among a sizable segment of the electorate. As irrelevant as the issue seems to many sophisticated liberals, Communism remains a deeply troublesome specter to the vast Middle America recently discovered by the national news media. (Pictures of pot-bellied steel workers are as popular today as angry young blacks were a year ago.)

For instance, the *Los Angeles Times,* which has become one of the country's best papers in recent years, reverted to its old reactionary tricks on this one, denouncing the Davis case as a well-conceived Communist plot to foment turmoil in the university (without adducing any evidence to support the charge). Papers around the state have been filled with irate letters attacking Miss Davis, including this one in the *San Diego Union* (once edited by Herb Klein, Nixon's Director of Communications):

"As a single person, I suffer 40 percent of my salary to taxation and I resent that part of the tax that finances a school system that permits teaching of Communism. And, as a service-connected disabled veteran, I am forced to work, most days in pain, to pay the salaries of the Angela Davis ilk. Thank Heaven I'm beyond 50 and without children. My suffering would be unbearable with children being taught Communism instead of Americanism."

Thus while no campus has been shut down, and the National Guard has yet to unpack its tear gas and shotguns, the Angela Davis case has enormous significance. In all likelihood, the courts will ultimately strike down the Regents' anti-Communist rule as unconstitutional, and Miss Davis will be restored to full teaching status. On Oct. 20 the Los Angeles Superior Court ruled that the Communist ban was unconstitutional; the Regents announced that they would carry the case to a higher court. Some regents make no secret of their hope that a Supreme Court with two Nixon appointees would rule for them. But the legal battle is not the main point. With Ronald Reagan and his conservative supporters stirring each other up, a situation could be brewing whose only victim would be the university. Reagan, who has cut from 10 to 15 percent from the university budget every year, is now threatening to slice as much as 23 percent from the current request. Bond issues have been consistently beaten—not only for the university but for school financing on almost every level. The continuing turmoil, as well as the constricted financial situation, is forcing good teachers either to leave the university or not come here in the first place.

Communism, of course, is only one issue between the Reaganites and the university, but it is emblematic of the others: student disrespect for authority, black militancy, the freaky youth culture that waves drugs and sex and long hair like a red flag in front of the staid, uneasy middle class. Students, frustrated by the war and the prospect of drab and unrewarding careers, are taking their resentment out on the university. But Middle America, frustrated by an erosion of values and principles it once thought immutable, could also start venting its rage on the university. That is what the Davis case foreshadows.

STEVEN V. ROBERTS

(Steven V. Roberts is the Los Angeles bureau chief of the New York Times.*)*

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ATLANTIC CITY CONVENTION

LABOR SHOOTS THE BREEZE

The same week that the leadership of the "mainstream" of American labor was taking the sea breezes at Atlantic City, *Fortune* magazine announced the result of a survey of 300 chief executives of top industry. "The number of businessmen whose views are in sympathy with the radical critics is astonishingly large," *Fortune* declared.

More than 45 percent of the executives, for instance, felt that wealth is unfairly distributed in the U.S. and that the U.S. is additionally a "racist" nation. Almost half felt that the nation had "lost its way" morally and spiritually. "Most of all, they want no more wars (and) are fed up with the war in Vietnam."

While it may be speculation, few seasoned AFL-CIO watchers would venture to predict such results should *Fortune* have surveyed the delegates to the labor federation's conclave earlier this month. The response might approach that now so familiar to President Nixon's angry "forgotten Americans"; and on Vietnam, one could be sure that there would be no weakening of our national resolve or "commitment" on the part of labor's executives.

All this is not to say that American business and industry has obtained social conscience and labor has forgotten the common weal. There was, however, enough contradiction and disparity between rhetoric and reality exhibited at the AFL-CIO's biennial ingathering to raise serious question to the federation's continuous claim that it is the vanguard for social, political and economic change in America. And any honest, intelligent delegate would have acknowledged that fact in the first bar away from the boardwalk.

There was Bayard Rustin, who has earned the undeserved tag as a "labor house boy," telling the delegates that they must strengthen the almost evaporated black-union alliance; this only two days after the same delegates cheered George Meany when he told them of the "wonderful opportunities" afforded minorities by the building trades and crafts.

There was Hubert Humphrey, phoenix-like returning to the fold of his "old friends," talking again of priorities but with some new language critical of space exploration, missiles and Vietnam. Strange talk, indeed, for delegates who earlier had applauded astronaut Edwin Aldrin as he held up his Machinists' card and told of the wonders of reaching Mars and the many space contracts involved in seeking that goal, and for a convention which had endorsed its earlier support of President Nixon and his ABM (possibly influencing his hair-thin Senate victory) and who would the next day applaud as Melvin Laird told of the victory for commitment just around the corner.

Someone seemed to have forgotten that the Secretary of Defense was the same congressman who was denounced as a blatant anti-labor reactionary for so many years. Some in their naiveté had thought that the Cabinet member with the most liberal credentials might be expected to address the labor leaders, but it was quickly pointed out that Robert Finch and his HEW "federal compliance" has become a knee-jerk bad name among many in the construction unions. NAACP labor man Herb Hill elaborated when he complained that the legal staffs of many AFL-CIO unions "are behaving like the legal departments of Southern school boards, introducing a tangled web of procedural legal questions, forcing us to contest plant by plant, local by local."

Rustin, knowing all this, could still turn to the aging geriatric wonder chewing on his cigar and say: "I'm sticking with you, George," and then continue a speech which acknowledged that "policy statements are not read in the ghetto." No one apparently thought it incongruous: it was the same exercise in irrelevance as having Hubert invoke against missiles one day and Mel Laird appear the next (or, a conscience ovation to an open-collared Cesar Chavez, whose up-against-the-wall union is faced with a doubled purchase of scab California grapes by Laird's Pentagon).

The delegates grumbled about Atlantic City and its aging hotels, yet they blended in well with the Social Security pensioners who strolled the boardwalk. Without dissent they approved six Meany choices to an expanded Executive Council, but no youth movement was apparent (average age: 61); another black man was added, but he represents no black constituency (Actors Equity). Among them was Teddy Gleason, who still boasts with peppered obscenities how his longshoremen beat up on peaceniks.

It remains for George Meany to commune with the Philistines, however: at his convention in San Francisco four years ago, Vietnam protesters in the gallery were "kookies"; in 1957 at Miami those who opposed Lyndon Johnson were "bleeding hearts." Last month, presiding over the expulsion of a small union of chemical workers who had flirted with Walter Reuther's rival labor conglomerate, he dismissed Reuther's criticisms as "gobbledegook." A "true labor statesman," as one of the praises from the floor went.

JOSEPH HILL

(Joseph Hill is the pseudonym of a writer on labor affairs.)

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RETURN TO TUY HOA

Walking through the refugee camp, I revisited some of the families I worked with in the past. Ba Hoc's family of eight, her two sisters and parts of their families crowded around the table in her hut. . . . Ba Hoc pulled herself together and questioned me, "Will peace come this year?"

TOM FOX

Tuy Hoa, Vietnam

It was a little more than a year since I last lived in Tuy Hoa. Tuy Hoa is a provincial capital situated on the coast of central Vietnam. It is not really unique except to the twenty thousand who claim the city as their own. But in its obscurity rests the obscurity which characterizes much of the war plaguing Vietnam.

The Phu Yen province, of which Tuy Hoa is the capital, received some notoriety in late 1954 when, according to the Geneva agreements, the Viet Minh gathered there before returning north of the 17th parallel. Since then the area has been considered heavily influenced by the insurgent forces. By 1965 the strength of the NLF had grown so great that it controlled nearly the entire province except for the district capitals and Tuy Hoa itself—which stood in the way of the NLF goal of cutting the South in two.

Even as I arrived in June of 1966, not long after the first major American unit arrived in the area, the 101st airborne "clearing" was still on in sight of the city. A sense of relief was apparent as the people of Tuy Hoa had almost reconciled themselves to leaving or joining the other side when the Americans arrived in force.

The Koreans followed in late 1966. With them came Karate demonstrations and stories attesting to their fierce intentions. It was reported one hamlet not far from Tuy Hoa was wiped out after sniper fire from the hamlet killed several Koreans on patrol in the area. In this Korean wake the numbers of refugees fleeing the rural fighting soared. In one week in early 1967 forty thousand homeless and foodless peasants began walking on the capital during one Korean search and destroy. A three-way dispute among USAID, the Vietnamese Office of Refugees and the Korean officers arose as to who would feed the new pilgrims. Owing to a mix-up in communications no prior plans had been made to feed or house the frightened peasants. The Government directed the torn families to sand beaches along the coast near Tuy Hoa. Overcrowding and disease became so intense that an emergency mission from Saigon was sent to "investigate" the problem. A plan was drawn to resettle the refugees further inland until security grew so bad that they were abandoned. Some of the refugees eventually moved back to their lands; others remained in the sands where they continue to live today.

An increase in North Vietnamese units followed the advent of the Koreans. Reports of their movements began to circulate in the spring of 1967 until the night of June 14th when a joint NVA and NLF attack on a villiage five kilometers from Tuy Hoa stunned the people, shattering their sense of security which had grown with the presence of the allies. Tuy Hoa itself was mortared for the first time in over a year and a flurry of rumors paralyzed movements and the residents of the city bought sandbags on the black market to build shelters in their homes.

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City shops closed early as an eight o'clock curfew was called and each evening when the sun set the artillery units at the city's edge began their nightly toll. Some families who found themselves in direct line with "harassment and interdiction" trajectories moved to other parts of the town as the quaking booms of the 105's, 155's and 175's shattered even hardened nerves. Following each outburst, children's cries could be heard throughout the dark nights. Dogs that strayed too closely to the city's perimeter drew machine-gun fire from touchy gunners which in turn drew more fire, sometimes lasting several hours or until dawn revealed the folly.

The Tet offensive saw the largest attack against the city in the history of the war. It came as little surprise to Tuy Hoa. Security within the province and within the mind had been falling continually during the previous months. Combined NVA and NLF units entered the city and occupied over half of it for two days before being driven out by helicopter rocketfire and gunships. Many of the people saw the war and the enemy for the first time and fled to the beaches to avoid the fighting. Several students of Nguyen Hue highschool were found dead in the streets as the fighting tapered off. They had been serving as liaison workers for the front. The owner of the city's largest jewelry shop hid ten North Vietnamese soldiers in his bomb shelter for three days prior to the attack.

Since Tet there have been several more attacks but none of equal intensity or success. Since the bombing halt there has been a tapering off in fighting in the province. But smaller-scale incidents are still common inside the city limits. Several months ago one American's throat was slit open as he sat in a barber's chair for a haircut. The barber soon disappeared and the city was put off limits to U.S. military personnel for over a month. The Vietnamese of Tuy Hoa claim that "incidents" are not more frequent because the NLF benefits financially from the American visitors. And one is never certain of just how great the benefits are.

Upon revisiting Tuy Hoa after a year's leave, I was asked what I thought had changed most while I was gone. The most noticeable difference, I told them, was the increased construction going on within the city. Tuy Hoa is wealthier now, the television boom continues, second and third stories are being added to one-storey buildings. The people have more to spend and do not want to keep their money in currency which can collapse in Paris at any time. To put money into hard commodities, whether cement, hondas or television sets is considered a safe economic move, second only to getting one's money out of the country. On the Saigon level the wealthiest busily transfer their money into gold or U.S. dollars and fly it to Hong Kong or Swiss banks. Generally speaking, the people of Tuy Hoa must be content to buy material goods, especially property. Piasters, the wise know, are almost certain to devalue in the coming years.

The Vietnamese I spoke with seemed more interested in American intentions than they have in the past. Confidence in the American ability to continue the war is waning considerably. An uneasiness seems to fill the minds of the Vietnamese who consider the solidity of insurgent forces. The streets of the city are quiet by ten PM and the howitzers continue to shell the countryside as they have in the past. The main roads are open during the day but are yet to be travelled after dark; roads leading toward the mountains remain static and Vietnamese travel on them is directed by hearsay of NVA and NLF movements and activities. The people know well it is they who set the pace of the war. The war continues to be "out there," the city being cordoned off by Korean units who set up ambushes around the perimeter to keep the Tuy Hoa separated from the rice paddies. During the dark hours the peasants remain keenly aware that nearly every inland village or hamlet remains a potential battle ground—if the "other side" so chooses. Conversations have shifted. In the past one spoke of the "Vietcong"; today, it is the "National Liberation Front" or simply "the Front," possibly indicating a familiarization of the people or a loosening of government restrictions on open speech.

Nguyen Van Tran, his wife and four children feel the presence of the NLF and are threatened by it. He used to live with his family outside the city and moved to Tuy Hoa in 1965. At that time he took on a job in the provincial tax office before bribing his way out; whereupon he went to a more lucrative job working for the American construction company, Pacific Architects and Engineers. Tran is now renting a house within the city, enjoying relative security and earning nearly one hundred dollars a month. He finds himself in a relatively new class of Vietnamese, perhaps, the latest unsettled by the American involvement. Having gone to work for the Americans to better support his family, he knows he is on the "Vietcong blacklist," those singled out for cooperating with the enemy. "You don't think President Nixon will withdraw the American soldiers before a political settlement, do you?" he asked me with no little uncertainty. Unsure of the answer myself, I tried to tell him that the Americans did not want to lose face and found myself saying, "You need not fear the Americans will leave too quickly." "If the American people give up their fight against communism I am afraid of what will happen to my family," he conceded after talking around the subject matter for several minutes. Had I not helped Tran find his job two years ago the conversation would certainly have been less touchy. Now Tran and three hundred others in the city who work for Americans are asking themselves how long their jobs—and possibly their lives—will last.

TOM FOX, *a doctoral candidate in Asian Studies at Yale, recently returned from an extended trip through Southeast Asia for* Commonweal.

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Nguyen De, is a father of six; he works at the provincial police headquarters and is one year from retirement. A Northerner himself, he is anxious to blame the war on the Communists who have "taken over" his native land and are now "trying to do the same in the South." He sees the Vietnamese as peace-loving people, in no way anxious to carry on the war. He adds that the Chinese are forcing Vietnamese to fight Vietnamese. In what became a rather heated argument about the cause of the war, De's neighbor, Tran Loc, a captain in the South Vietnamese army, wanted to partition the blame among all foreigners. "Yes, the fighting is caused by foreigners; this is not a Vietnamese war!" he tuned in with some insistence. "Had the Americans stayed where they belong we would have settled our differences long ago." Though De and Loc had been living beside each other for the past year and a half, they confided to me that it was the first time they had discussed the war together. Most Vietnamese do not care to discuss political matters outside the confines of their families. Loc told me, "The war allows for little or no trust to grow among the Vietnamese; more than anything we Vietnamese need to believe in something again, whatever it may be. A Communist government might not be the most desirable but without someone forcing us to grow together in belief we are doomed to continued fighting."

Co Huong now has brothers fighting for both sides. Her oldest two joined the NLF several years ago and have not been heard from since. She is confident they are still alive today, "I just know it, that's all." Now her younger brother has come of age; since they live within the city he was drafted into the ARVN army. Huong works for the National police department as an interpreter, but insists that "justice, if there is such an idea, is on the side of the Front. When we lived with them in the countryside I thought they were too dogmatic, telling us what to read, what to listen to on the radio, and even whom and when to marry. But my country is poor so I still think their cause is good."

Mr. Giang is the principal of Nguyen-Hue high-school; when speaking about the war, like many of his intellectual friends, he sees fault on both sides. "I would not like to see the Front take over the South; their dogma is as foreign to us as the materialism the Americans preach in Vietnam." Yet Giang sees difficulties with the present government. With Saigon's inability to broaden the base of the government, its slowness to move ahead with proper land reform and the suppression of dissent, he said, "I am not very optimistic about our chances in Paris. When the pieces are put together, it may well come down to who has disillusioned the people the least". When I asked him to name future leaders acceptable to him Giang mentions Tran Ngoc Lien, Truong Thanh and Duong Van Minh, a threesome very commonly bounced around in intellectual circles. "If they join the government in significant positions, the Saigon

regime cannot remain the same. Unfortunately individuals may not be able to change much at this stage; the forces and mistakes of the past are overbearing. It is not wise to guess about the future; so much can happen, much depending on events far removed from Viet hands."

Dong, a high-school physics teacher has had to learn to fire a gun; although bad health has kept him out of the Army, he must stay up nights and help guard the high-school when security is weak. "Not much has changed," he told me, "in the year you have been gone. The Front holds the province at night and the Government during the day." Dong has to travel to Nha Trang once a month for teaching purposes but he will not travel the roads even though they are considered to be open and safe for traffic. "It amounts to American computers against our minds; they may say the area is pacified but I won't take the chance. There have been incidents in secure areas in the past," he said grinning. "You can be sure that when a village lights up in the pacified column the teachers from Nguyen Hue don't rush out to find if it is true. It's just too risky—I trust my own intuition!"

Walking through the Ninh Tinh refugee camp outside the city, I revisited some of the families I worked with in the past. Ba Hoc's family of eight, her two sisters and parts of their families gathered around the table in her small one-room straw hut. "Go ahead and ask him," one of the sisters said poking Ba Hoc. After we talked a few minutes, Ba Hoc pulled herself together and questioned me, "Will peace come this year?" It was not the first time we covered the topic. "If both sides agree to coalition, I believe there could be peace," I answered. "Do you think Saigon will agree?" "I just don't know, I guess it depends a lot on the American President, Mr. Nixon," I replied once more. "What do you feel about a coali-

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tion?" I asked them. "Look at us. Do you see poverty, do you see wealth? Do you see happiness? We are not afraid of coalition!" Then Ba Hoc added, laughing a bit, holding on to her two-year-old son, "If a coalition means peace, that's what we want. That's what we want. Then we will invite you to eat with us in the My Loc village. But if the war lasts many more years my son will grow up not knowing his father, and tomorrow, maybe, there will be no more Vietnam. Do you think peace is possible this year?" "The Americans are tired of the war," I added, "I hope peace will come. I just don't know what the American President is thinking."

Starvation is no longer the severe problem in Ninh Tinh as it once was; most families having found a way to eke out subsistence living standards. But sickness and malnutrition remain problems as one can hardly afford to fall below that precious life-maintaining nutrition level for too long a time. Resistance to disease is low and early death still common.

Ninh Tinh is often still controlled by the NLF in the dark hours. Small units occasionally "pass through" making the camp undesirable to eligible males, many of whom are working as common labors for the American Air force. The village chief lives in the city along with cadre affiliated with the Saigon government. Ninh Tinh, unlike Tuy Hoa proper, is considered expendable, or more correctly, uncontrollable although it is only two kilometers outside the city.

I spent a morning in the Tuy Hoa provincial hospital where in the past I spent many such mornings talking with the patients. The day I arrived, the hospital was deluged with victims of a mine explosion in the Lang Son market about five kilometers from Tuy Hoa. Four were killed instantly. Three died before I arrived and seven were being prepared for emergency surgery. One eleven-year-old girl lost a hand and a leg. One twenty-year-old boy lay on a stretcher, intestines hanging from his side, unconscious. Still others had fragments caught in their legs and bodies and were wrapped in dirty blood-stained clothes barely slowing the flow of blood.

Two young Vietnamese nurses cursed the war as they applied emergency first aid. I looked on as life slipped away from the twenty-year-old boy, his sister crying at his side hugging the new corpse. The pointlessness of the agony and deaths of the victims was frightening. The feeling of the outsider so far from the pains moves one to mock all connected with the grief.

After the bodies were taken into the surgery room, Ba Bich, the head nurse, invited me to walk with her through the hospital wards, wanting me to see some of the realities of her daily life. As we climbed to the second story of the dirty, fly-filled concrete hospital, lacking in nearly all sanitary conditions by western standards, she took me to see some burn patients. "Who are these?" I questioned, looking on at five bodies wrapped from head to

(Continued on page 182)

Meanwhile, The Moratorium

And once again the war. And once again an army of desperate people take up arms against the governmental madness called Vietnam. With buttons and leaflets their only weapons, with candles and slogans their only defense, once again they march into the streets searching for some act or some symbol which would end the killing once and for all.

And once again the children with their posters and their paints, too young for sex and too old for the lies of the State Department. Once again the movie stars and the thin suburban matrons, the late-night mailings and the ads in the *New York Times*. And once again and always the dying and the dead, for the war goes on.

Out of the campuses and the suburbs, from Palo Alto to Washington D.C., the lost army of 1968 came together once again. Reports of its death on the streets of Chicago proved much too premature. Instead of dying, the army had merely melted away from Michigan Avenue, returning to their homes to wait for another signal to fight.

That signal was a long time coming. Last spring, Sam Brown and Dave Mixner, two ex-McCarthy workers started organizing or "putting things together." At first their idea was to hold a series of one-day nationwide student strikes. Mixner and Brown located enough money to open an office and install some telephones. But their format ran into some unexpected opposition. Many student leaders around the country were leery of organizing college-centered protests. Short of murder, there was little the kids could do that hadn't been done already to show how much they hated the war. Most of the leadership of the New Democratic Coalition, a shaky national alliance of Kennedy, McCarthy and even a few old Stevenson supporters rightly felt that closing the schools for a day was like swearing off work for Lent. It was neither impressive nor particularly effective. Finally, Allard Lowenstein, perennial college student cum congressional office and leader of the Dump Johnson Movement, opposed the Moratorium for his own murky reasons.

By the end of July, Brown and Mixner were sending young, and often inexperienced organizers to major American cities in order to scout out possible support. With colleges closed and everyone else either opposed to or bored by the idea, the leaders quickly decided to postpone the Moratorium from September to October, hoping that a month of scholastic tedium would be sufficient to prime the students for a one-day strike.

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Shortly after Labor Day, however, the tide of public opinion started running against the war. A sudden, subtle change of attitude toward the war occurred in this country sometime in September. The people who fought to dump Johnson and later ignored Humphrey never forgot that the war was still going on. But many wanted to believe that Nixon was searching for a way to get us out quickly and most were frightened by what might happen if they opened old wounds of 1968. The slender threads that hold us together as a nation can no longer withstand too much strain, and whenever Americans assemble in large numbers we now think of riots and tanks in our streets. This much has Vietnam done to us, so the people were hesitant to take to the streets.

Then one day in late September Nixon drove the first nail into his own political coffin by saying, "I understand that there has been and continues to be opposition to the war in Vietnam. . . . However, under no circumstances will I be affected whatsoever by it." If Johnson was a proud, profoundly determined man, Nixon is simply a dumb one. He gave the signal and suddenly the silent army wasn't silent anymore. A student strike had become a national day of protest.

Nixon misjudged the mood of the country. He read the nation's reluctance to demonstrate as approval of his cautious, indefinite policy of limited engagement. But instead of dissipating opposition to the war, Nixon's strategy of minor troop withdrawals and drawn-out negotiations merely deepened most people's desire for final termination of the conflict and to some extent legitimized the position of those calling for immediate and total withdrawal. By flaunting his intentions to ignore the wishes of those opposed to the war, he gave the Moratorium leaders an issue around which the broad middle ground of anti-Vietnam sentiment could crystallize.

Two days after Nixon's ill-fated press conference, the Moratorium office in Washington no longer had need for organizers. Politicians and peace groups started calling up offering to set up activities in cities like Detroit, Houston and Salt Lake City. The old Kennedy and McCarthy hands reached into drawers they had all but forgotten about and came up with lists of people just waiting to be told what needed to be done. In one major city, a businessman placed an ad in the local paper which gave his phone number and simply read, "Vietnam Moratorium —we need your help to end this war." Twenty-four hours later, his lines were jammed and ten people were already at work full-time in his office. The scene was repeated all around the country. Three weeks before M-Day, little was planned in New York City outside of high school and college activities. Shortly after Nixon's statement, Brown got hold of an ex-Lowenstein aide and together with Adam Walinsky, a former Kennedy staffer and Sarah Kovner, who ran the McCarthy operation in New York, they started calling up people they knew only to discover that half of them were already planning some kind of activity.

What was more astounding was the background of the people who were asking to participate. Congressmen, Senators, Mayors, Wall Street lawyers, investment bankers, the backbone of the establishment was now demanding the right to publicly protest the war. During the final week before M-Day, many of the Moratorium leaders seriously wondered whether or not the Administration would co-opt the protest by supporting it. When Thruston C. B. Morton, Chairman of the Republican National Committee announced his support, it momentarily looked as if Goliath were about to close ranks with David. Vice President Agnew's red-baiting remarks were accepted by the Moratorium officials with a certain degree of relief.

At the same time, fear of possible violence, planned or unplanned, began to worry the leaders of the Moratorium. Having already staked the middle ground of the peace movement by refusing to clarify demands or issue harsh, stringent denunciations, M-Day officials sent out word that all types of confrontations were to be avoided like the plague, lest the effect of their numbers be diminished by adverse publicity. On the day itself, various groups were assigned the job of watching for any possible trouble that might mar the placid protests. Moratorium marshals were instructed to move through the crowds and look for people, especially SDS Weathermen, who might grab a mike or hoist a Cong flag. It was the first peace demonstration ever to supply its own "red squad."

In the end, the organizers of the Moratorium privately expressed mixed reactions to the way the day worked out. It was successful beyond their wildest dreams. "Can you imagine?" said one. "We're the majority." Nonetheless the meaning and the manner of the day were not quite what they had expected. Too many who participated were once considered the enemy. The trouble with broadening your base of support is that you have to dilute the meaning for your message and make peace with yesterday's villains. The importance of such esthetic considerations, however, are difficult to understand from a fox hole in Vietnam.

It is impossible to determine where the Moratorium effort will go from here. Brown and Mixner have already called for a two-day halt of "business as usual" on the 13th and 14th of November. It is tough to see how they can keep up the momentum since their supporters are not expected to be quite willing to give up two days of work. Yet two months ago the idea of asking people to take off even one day was considered quixotic by most observers. For Nixon, waiting to see if the Moratorium will peter out is a little like playing Russian roulette. The odds are with him but if he loses, it could prove very deadly.

PHILIP TRACY

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foot in white gauze bandages. "These are the latest victims of the American planes and napalm bombs," she said, using the third person with a kindness that is hers, extending her hand in their direction. "About ten days ago seventeen were hit with napalm, four died instantly; thirteen were brought to the hospital, of those only these five remain alive today." It wasn't the first time I looked deep into the eyes of melted bodies; it wasn't the first time I felt bewildered thoughts searching for meaning through gauze-covered wrappings. The smell of burnt flesh is not easily forgotten. I felt intense disgust and human helplessness. What man—in the name of abstractions—will do to others who fall victims to his power! These beautiful children—above all—hear my country's sounding brass, its tinkling cymbal. As we backed out of the room, my eyes swollen and throat fallen to an aching chest, I felt the impulse to cry out—but lacking words, I only thought peasants are dying for our political hangups, ones barely understandable to their mental patterns. Direct experience carries one quickly to conclusions far removed from the theories of professorial observers and statesmen. "If policy-makers would smell these hideous odors and *see* these beautiful bodies, how long could it last?" "Would it change at all?" I was left with the lingering question and I walked back to her office where she continued: "You know my husband died September 19, 1967, just a few months before the Tet offensive. He was a captain and like so many others, was killed by a piece of metal. The bullet that killed him belongs to all. I have worked here for over ten years and can no longer distinguish. The idea, if not the metal, is the same. The suffering must stop. We need peace . . . peace . . . peace," she whispered loudly, her voice drifting off into silence. "I live now to raise my three fatherless children and wait for the peace. It won't come this year; the war has peaked, however. It came with the death of my husband, for others with the Tet offensive. It's our problem."

II

Public pressure to extricate U.S. troops from Vietnam is pushing the recalcitrant Nixon administration to the most critical stage of the Vietnam war, the task of explaining publicly the magnitude of United States failure in Vietnam. Until the administration is willing to say *why* the troops are leaving, reductions can be no more than token, the war will continue, and electors will once again have to ask another man to tell them the truth. For, in fact, after fifteen years of involvement, after unimaginable disruption and destruction, incalculable deaths and fatalities, after disillusioning and embittering a generation and sending billions in arms overseas beyond the cities' poor, prospects for U.S. objectives in Vietnam have never been bleaker.

A military triumvirate is ruling Vietnam. The latest in a procession of personalities, General Nguyen Van Thieu, General Nguyen Cao Ky and General Tran Thien Khiem are hopelessly separated from the Vietnamese populace by the people's natural aversion for and distrust of the military. One very respected Saigon intellectual, viewing the latest cabinet reshuffling, commented: "Americans suffer from a Messiah complex based on some of its experiences in the Philippines under Magsaysay. First they supported Diem and his 'personal democracy,' then General Khanh and his 'revolutionary government,' then General Ky and 'the young turks,' and now 'the new Republic' of General Thieu. Each man has come and each leaves one day for Paris, effecting little change as their interests are narrow and support lacking. Each suppresses political dissent proclaiming freedom for all who follow his particular politics. And each fights desperately with American help to stay on top at the expense of political development, ultimately serving only the interests of the Front."

The newly formed cabinet of Gen. Thieu's close friend and ally, Gen. Khiem, has taken a significant move toward the military as well. Contrary to the coaxings of Ambassador Bunker who felt it time to broaden the political base, Thieu has placed military men in all the essential cabinet posts: Interior, Defense, Pacification and Open Arms. The military has also taken over the Ministries of Public Health and Veterans' Affairs. And despite the urgings of former Prime Minister Tran Van Huong, a respected civilian with some popular support, Gen. Khiem has retained military control of the civilian National Police. The new cabinet overlooked the new six-party Social Democratic Front, Thieu's own creation of last June, alienating even the "loyal opposition."

Economically, South Vietnam is suffering from an inflation which has made a sham out of U.S. aid and government efforts to work out an effective financial program. Billions have been sent to Vietnam to cushion the pains of a wartime economy. American programs, however, have made millionaires out of already wealthy Vietnamese importers and paupers of the masses. In Saigon today most Vietnamese families eat little or no meat with their meals, relying only on rice, vegetables and sometimes fish. Based on a food price index scale of

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100 as of January 1, 1965 costs have risen to 458 by January 1, 1969, and in the first seven months of 1969 to August 25, the index has soared another painful 128 points to 586. Hoarding by wealthy merchants who gain by waiting to sell, adds to a general food-scarce city that further disaffects an already very discontented populace.

The rigid suppression of political dissent remains a major factor in much Vietnamese disdain for their government. Newspapers are watched carefully and many non-Communist nationalists continue to fill Vietnamese prisons. One newspaper last month upon hinting that Prime Minister Huong was on his way out in favor of Gen. Khiem was told to rescind the accusation publicly and give equal coverage to a pro-Huong article. Only by printing the public apology could they continue to publish, the editors were told. Ten days later Khiem took the job as the newspaper predicted.

Ambassador Colby, Gen. Abram's Deputy for Pacification, admitted this summer that the number of political prisoners was on the rise and would continue as pacification continued in the countryside. Buddhists who advocate an end to the war and reconciliation with all factors have been thrown into jail in scores alienating Buddhist-minded Vietnamese.

The Buddhists are potentially the largest non-Communist force in Vietnam. Yet despite their rejection of all rigid dogma and coolness towards the NLF, Washington and Saigon policies have done nothing to warm this faction toward the Saigon government. Thieu feels intimidated by their potential strength and his government has been at least tacitly anti-Buddhist: the popular Thich Thien Mink, Head of the Buddhist Youth Association, remains in prison, Buddhists cannot speak of accommodation—a Buddhist concept—and the United Buddhist Church, centered in the An Quang, has been brushed aside in favor of Tam Chau's splinter faction, mostly Northern in origin and warmer to the Thieu government. Thich Tri Quang, the political spokesman of the An Quang, is still not allowed to travel outside of Saigon under Thieu's orders.

The intellectuals remain a long way from any accommodation with the American-supported Saigon government. Vietnamese history and tradition play a significant part in the minds of these men who refuse to accept a military government, especially in view of the disfavor Vietnamese history holds for those who have collaborated with outsiders against other Vietnamese. Groups, including lawyers, professors, doctors and some former cabinet members meet occasionally to discuss possible ways to loosen up government policies. But as the war drags on the frustrations grow and foreign troops remain within the country.

One Vietnamese commented: "With all the bars, brothels, massage parlors, Western music, mini-skirts, and materialism, our young are confused, ripped from their family values and ways by the lure of American dollars. It's now time that anything one can do to get the Americans out of our country would be a kind act to the Vietnamese people. If the war lasts any longer the young will be destroyed and with it the future of Vietnam."

A prominent lawyer expressed his views as follows: "If the Saigon government is going to force us to choose between it and the Front by not allowing us to speak our own minds, my choice will be the Front. At least they offer a Vietnamese solution."

Most intellectuals, if pressed, admit that the time is already too late to organize a third voice. "We know, even if the Americans don't, that the Thieu government will fall when the Americans decide to leave," a professor of law said matter-of-factly. "American black and white foreign policy has never allowed us to speak our minds."

To the present the only publicly organized political force which can claim intellectual support is Lawyer Tran Ngoc Lien's National Progressive Movement. Formed this summer on the platform of immediate cease-

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fire, and a government of reconciliation (as distinguished, of course, from a coalition government which would get the group thrown into prison) and a withdrawal of foreign forces, Lien's people have been well scrutinized by the Thieu regime. Specifics in their program are impossible for the group to disseminate. Already many of the group's members have been called into Saigon National Police Headquarters for questioning. Many of the group are followed by secret police. One of the Lien's people said, "Outside of saying we exist, want a government of reconciliation and a withdrawal of all foreign forces, we can say nothing more. Thieu has made it clear to us that if we become too active we will end up in prison. We don't even call ourselves a party as that would even further limit our freedom." Lien's movement has ties with the Buddhists; its members are well respected among Vietnamese as nationalists who have not had contacts with the government; many of the movement's people have spent time in jail as political prisoners. Though they could begin to form the base of eventual compromise and an end to the war, their voices go unheard, their policies ignored, as General Thieu has received the seal of investiture to do as he likes.

The younger leaders, university and high-school students, who in the past played major roles in the toppling of the Diem government, are not allowed to engage in political activities. Outside of school most spend their time in coffee shops trying to figure out ways to avoid induction into the South Vietnamese Army. They do not consider the war their responsibility and no one wants to have anything to do with the fighting. The music of Trinh Cong Son best tells the story they cannot speak themselves. Son is by far the most popular folk singer in Vietnam, a combination Baez, Dylan and Lowell wrapped into one. His songs have been banned from the radio, adding to their popularity; and lately their protest dimensions make public presentations impossible. Among the young in Vietnam Trinh Cong Son's music reflects a disgust for the war and the tired mood of a generation that doesn't want to carry on someone else's war.

The South Vietnamese Army has grown in numbers during the past year, but morale remains low, desertions high and officers less than honest. Private reports sent back to Washington recently uphold what everyone has suspected all along, that the Army is far from being able to take on the major burden of the fighting. One American captain who works as an advisor in the Delta claimed the "Vietnamese have no intentions of fighting without the Americans." He termed reports of great strides forward a "farce." "More men are under arms, most against their will, and they will fight only when forced to or under pressure from American units." Besides guarding military installations and bridges most units are not doing jobs which even hint that one day they will carry the total load. "With the war hopefully coming to an end none of us wants to die; we want to be around to enjoy the peace," explained one Vietnamese corporal.

As a plethora of Vietnam news leaves Saigon no one speaks anymore of "the other war," the one that was going to "win the war." The fact is that it died before Tet last year and now the two wars are one. Komer's computers still calculate pacified villages though no numbers can measure the Vietnamese mind. One is told that over 75 percent of the country is pacified, though for the most part Saigon's contacts are limited to daylight hours or are linked to the darkness with the might of occupational arms. When a village is considered significantly pacified, local elections take place and the civilian police replace the military forces. Yet by the National Police's own statistics only 5,093 policemen out of the nearly 80,000 in the South dare to live at the village level; the rest confine themselves to the more secure cities.

Time is working against the United States on the home front but especially so in Vietnam. Americans in Vietnam so eager to find progress in the war fail to see themselves as the very source of Vietnamese agitation. When Vietnamese speak together about Americans more often than not they will refer to them as "thang My" or "thang Me," terms used when addressing people with no respect. Other terms refer to Americans as savages or animals. From the streets of Saigon to the villages of Quang Tri never before have the Vietnamese been so united in

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Next Week: 45th Anniversary Issue

COMMONWEAL's November 14 issue, built around the theme, Belief in American Society, will bring you Kenneth Rexroth, Anselm Atkins, Herbert W. Richardson, Leslie Dewart, Michael Harrington, William Birmingham, Mary Daly, Robert McAfee Brown, Eugene Fontinell, Dan Herr, Gary Wills, Msgr. George Higgins, Rosemary Ruether and Dorothy Day—plus a half-dozen former COMMONWEAL editors who will discuss the magazine's future.

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anti-American fervor. Since in most cases Vietnamese words filter through to Americans through interpreters or counterparts whose interests are not served in telling the painful truth, few Americans really guess what Vietnamese think of them. The truth is not at all pleasant.

All indicators now show that President Nixon like President Johnson before him has decided to go all the way with Thieu. The idea, of course, is to build an army that can outlast American troop withdrawals, eventually tiring Hanoi which is then expected to quit the war. Nixon clearly has not chosen to gather other non-Communist elements into the government who might have the strength to negotiate a settlement with the National Liberation Front. The fact is those who could broaden the government won't while Thieu is around. Thus, Nixon is banking on a favorable settlement insured by the force of Thieu's army. Thieu, once and always a general, cannot win politically; he is too tied to the American government and a highly unpopular war. One theory has it that Thieu will abdicate at the last minute for his close friend and now Prime Minister, General Khiem. This, however, assumes a political and military stability yet to be achieved in the history of the war. And even now an embittered General Ky spends much of his time away from the peace talks organizing high ranking officers who have been shoved out in the Thieu-Khiem power moves of the past year.

The major strength of any government tied to the Americans is that it is tied to the Americans. Without the Americans such a government is sure to fall. Nixon's dilemma is real. Even now as some troops are being removed the scared among those who have worked closest with the Americans and whom Nixon has chosen as the base of the future Saigon government are looking for less threatening pastures. The Office of Immigration is flooded with requests by Vietnamese seeking to leave the country. Money speaks and the wealthy are leaving first. The number of specific requests is kept confidential since it is damaging to South Vietnamese stability. Some estimate that over 200 requests are received every day. As a result of U.S. policy failures one day the pro-American Vietnamese will no longer be willing or able to live where they so comfortably find themselves at the moment. At that time, and the time is approaching, there will remain the unorganized and fragmented non-Communist nationalists and the National Liberation Front.

PATRIOTS AND INDIANS

THE STAGE

Two Broadway openers—*A Patriot for Me* and *Indians*—take one giant leap for Total Theater, one step backward for total playcraft. Although both productions are large unwieldy affairs of scattered brilliance and throwaway promise, their failures are quite removed. John Osborne's *Patriot*, a dreadful spy-homosexual melodrama transferred to old Vienna, bores conventionally from within. The grand spectacle of how the West was really won holds up magnificently in *Indians* until Arthur Kopit finally overruns the Redman's complaint with heapum big rhetoric. While *Patriot* never gets off the ground, *Indians* whoops it up a little too much.

Osborne's historical interludes—*Luther* and now *Patriot*—do not connect with the period of *Look Back in Anger* or *The Entertainer*. The involvement, the good writing and the drama are all gone. Instead of angry Jimmy Porter and entertaining Archie Rice, Osborne gives us just plain Colonel Alfred Redl of Emperor Franz Joseph's Imperial Army. The historical Redl was something of a cause célèbre in pre-war Europe. Public chief of Austro-Hungarian intelligence, private homosexual and double agent for the Russians, the Colonel's three lives converged on suicide in 1910.

Patriot reveals the whole sticky business in 20 action-packed scenes. All your *fin de siècle* favorites are revived: a duel, a cafe with gypsy dancers and violins, upstairs with the friendly prostitute, two balls—one palace, one drag, a forest clearing for secret rendezvousing and every hotel apartment in middle Europe. Not one character is missing either. This old world intrigue doesn't seem to work without the standard repertory of the other side's female spy who would surrender all for the Redl she loves, the fun-loving Russian Colonel Oblensky who blackmails Redl into his service with no hard feelings, the stuffy and decadent aristocracy.

The homosexual apparatus is new to this situation but the same old story obtains. Redl can't make it with women, and so he turns to fellows. Thereupon the dramatic possibilities are exhausted by formula faggotry—bed scene with obligatory nudity, ritual pleadings and universal bitchiness. The song and dance of the second act drag ball momentarily picks up the proceedings. Every year Baron von Epp (delightfully impersonated by Dennis King) tosses a party where the boys can be queen for a night. The best line of this mildly humorous evening, inserted especially for New York's Yiddish wing, arrives as the Baron finishes describing the homosexual league of nations: "The Jews are the least queer, I think. Their mothers won't let them."

There is no last refuge for *Patriot*. Osborne's script does not counter the staginess of the plot. When the Russians nail Redl with incriminatory evidence and thereby force him into their employ, he hardly reacts. When his own department uncovers the treason, he can only rant about body odor in

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Spain. The acting, including Maximilian Schell as Redl, gets by but does not evoke bravos.

Osborne apparently lost *Patriot* at the movies. Only the play's natural constituency can keep it on Broadway for the season.

Indians is the first revisionist play about the first Americans. The brave pioneers, the long-suffering cavalry and the Uncle Tontos are all put to rest. Moving between "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show" and an 1886 government commission hearing on Indian grievances, Arthur Kopit shapes his well-made argument regarding the original Red menace. Buffalo Bill is the villain because he lets himself be co-opted for national security. He tells the Indians they must adapt. His show becomes a white man's celebration. "You're not false to yourself, you're drawing yourself to a higher level," says Ned Buntline, the dime novelist who wrote Bill into American mythology. "I am doing what my country wants," protests the anguished hero.

Indians is ingeniously performed on a sloping open stage. Scenes shift in smooth, slow-moving ballets of actors and props under Gene Frankel's free-flow direction. Stacy Keach's Buffalo Bill stops you, the show and everything else in the blast area. Manu Topu as Sitting Bull masterfully controls an implosive tribal rage. The supporting characters do exactly that. Apart from some gratuitous burlesquing and Bill's unmanageable identity crisis, *Indians* wastes hardly a moment. Why then the demurrer? Because Kopit grasps for the epic and doesn't quite carry the day. Whitey foils too easily. "Anyone who thinks we have done something wrong is wrong," says Buffalo Bill. Speech after Indian speech kills off Kopit's case. We believe. We believe. Tell us something we don't already feel about genocide in this the ninth year of the Great Vietnam Massacre.

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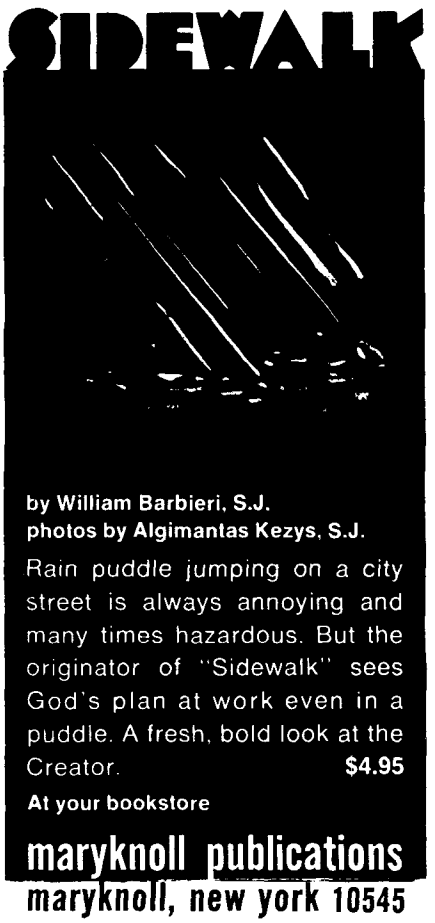

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BOOKS

Fine art and less fine social theory

Erotic Art

PHYLLIS AND EBERHARD KRONHAUSEN

Grove Press, $25.00

NANCY R. MCWILLIAMS

Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen's impressive compilation of *erotica* from diverse times and places contains some very fine art and some very bad social theory. Their altogether praiseworthy major premise, that art dealing with overtly sexual matter should attain public respectability, is continually undercut by their insistence that freedom in sex parallels or even issues in public freedoms, social, economic, and political. Airily dismissing Marcuse's fears about repressive desublimation ("Marcuse and many of the young revolutionaries today who are taking their cues from him want to establish some sort of uniform Marxist-Leninist-Trotskyist or whatever socialist society that's all red, or all grey, or all black," sniffs Mrs. Kronhausen), they espouse a faith in the redemptive powers of sexual freedom with a simple-mindedness quite unbefitting two trained psychoanalysts.

Unfortunately, nowhere is there anthropological or historical evidence that private liberty and the public good are mutually sustaining; in fact, many theorists who have studied their relationship —e.g., Tocqueville and, though regretfully, Freud—considered them at least mildly incompatible. The editors might have reflected as they lauded the free expression of the erotic in India that Indian tolerance has never mitigated the caste system. And despite the sexual liberality of Sweden and Denmark, where the works in the books were displayed at museums, those countries are hardly notorious for the healthy psyches of their citizens.

All this is not to say that greater openness about sex is deleterious for society; quite the contrary. However, the Kronhausens' embracing of the idea as the great remedy for the collective neuroses and injustices of the twentieth century harbors the dangers of all panaceas—economic, religious, scientific, or whatever. Furthermore, they are curiously like the reverse side of a very old

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American coin: we have always been extreme in our attitudes toward sex, and extremism in the direction of unreasonable claims for it is as silly as its unreasoning suppression. No longer decrying sex on principle, we glorify it on principle, and doubtless will be equally disappointed with the results. Economic factors aside, living in society is not *necessarily* simpler and happier when sexual expression is freer; we should expect a new liberality to replace at least some old problems with new ones. For example, it may give nature's fairest a more obvious corner on the market, hence the divisive resentment common to all *laissez faire* situations.

It is to be regretted that the Kronhausens spent so many pages justifying their pictures, for the quality of the collection speaks for itself with considerable eloquence. Among the selections are many beautiful works of the greatest artists—Picasso, for instance—which to our loss have never been exhibited before. Equally impressive are the contribution of many little-knowns whose discovery attests to the editors' taste and thoroughness. Many will consider the erotic art of Japan and China the strength of the collection, despite the fact that after regarding countless acrobatic couples one is convinced that Orientals have no bones.

The arrangement of items is balanced and imaginative. Most of the Kronhausens' commentary on specific pictures and whole categories of erotic art is worth reading also; it is intriguing to learn, for example, that the Japanese consider tongue-kissing perverse, or that Indians favor greater activity on the part of the female, or that the Chinese have a tradition of discouraging male ejaculation (to preserve the Yin essence). To say that the editors have made extravagant claims about the social values of publishing erotic art in no way belittles the importance of the sexual or its sociological and psychological significance. One wishes, however, that they had used their analytic gifts less for proselytizing and more in speculating on the meaning of cultural differences in the conception and expression of the sensual.

Man Yearning For Grace

JARED WICKS

Corpus, $12.50

JAMES F. McCUE

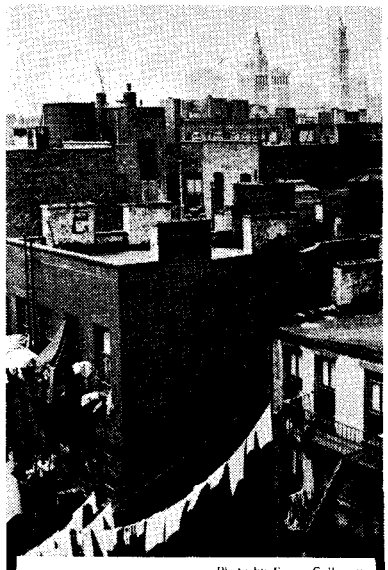
Interpretations of Luther have a way of standing each other on their heads. Precisely the criticism that Luther leveled against the late medieval doctrine of grace—that it was a merely extrinsic thing that did not transform man—has long been perhaps *the* chief Roman Catholic objection to Luther; and now along comes a book arguing that precisely what is wrong with Luther is what I had always thought Luther was most opposed to in scholastic Christianity.

Fr. Wicks' book is not, as a matter of fact, merely concerned to show what is wrong with Luther's theology. Far from it. He attempts to show that the theology (or the spirituality) of Luther's 1509-1517 writings was immensely rich and of considerable reform-renewal potential; and the bulk of the work is given over to an exposition of this theology. However, an important theme which Fr. Wicks develops throughout this study, and to which he promises to return subsequently, has to do with what he takes to be both the self-destructive flaw in Luther's early theology and *the* issue of the Reformation. The general strategy of the book is thus closer to the earlier work of Lortz and Iserloh than to the more recent work of Pesch, Kösters and McSorley. In short, the book is less optimistic about the "Catholicity" of Luther than some have been.

What Fr. Wicks takes to be the critical flaw is an unhealthily egocentric and introspective conception of faith!

"The idea of faith in Christ, which Luther sketched in the *Lectures on Galatians,* gave way to certitude of forgiveness and grace. The Christian's view is narrowed and his gaze turns from Christ to himself. Faith is no longer a new evaluation of the world, but is fearfully concentrated on my own 'status' before God."

The thesis is based, it seems to me, on a mistaken reading of both Luther



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and his opponents (especially Cajetan).

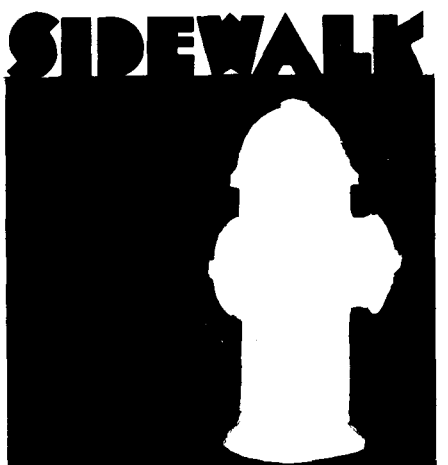
One must first note than an almost compulsively introspective and anxious piety was already on the scene before Luther, and was manifested, *inter alia,* in the frequent incidence of scrupulosity among those who would take Christianity seriously. While this scrupulosity may have many roots, it should be seen as connected with precisely that view of faith and charity which Cajetan opposes to Luther. Whether or not *I* am forgiven depends essentially on the quality of my contrition, and this is something about which I can never be certain. My innermost and very-difficult-to-evaluate state of soul is, on this view of things, of ultimate concern to me. In Luther's view a theology of the Cajetan-type (for all its Thomistic Augustinianism) leads man either to unjustified complacency or to despair. It is Luther's contention that man's innermost state of soul is never what it should be and that all that we will discover by looking into ourselves is that we do not measure up.

It is in this context that his *fides absolutionis* is introduced. This involves a turning away from the attempt at self-measurement and an acceptance of the sacramental word of forgiveness as settling the matter.

In Luther's various attempts to work this out he sometimes seems to suggest that this faith functions rather like a "work." That is, he speaks here and there as though one's salvation depends on faith being properly performed, and hence one is driven back to scrutinize it. This is especially true in his explanation of the seventh of the ninety-five theses. But I judge that Wicks exaggerates when he makes this the principal thrust of Luther's 1518 theology. And in a few places (e.g. p. 398, n9) the texts he cites are moving in a direction exactly opposite to that which they are supposed to manifest.

A further, and final, question. Fr. Wicks criticizes another Catholic Luther scholar by noting that "it is not clear that . . . [he] has established a binding doctrinal norm to be applied in judging Luther's lectures of 1515-1516" (p. 288f.) I am prepared to grant that there are important differences between Luther and even the more Augustinian scholastics on the question of sin, faith, and justification. But it is not clear just what was the binding doctrinal norm which in 1518 made Luther's novel views heterodox.

Man Yearning for Grace is very carefully done, and like any book that is worth reading it argues hard for a thesis. It should be read by anyone interested in Luther scholarship, and can be read with considerable profit by anyone concerned with the problems of Roman Catholic and Lutheran self-identity.



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Power in the Kremlin From Khrushchev To Kosygin

MICHEL TATU

The Viking Press, $10.00

JAMES CRITCHLOW

Michel Tatu brought to his assignment as Moscow correspondent of the Paris *Le Monde* a professional journalist's instinct for news, a scholar's detached intellect, and a passionate curiosity all his own. His linguistic skill enabled him to be a voracious between-the-lines reader of local media. During seven years of dissecting Soviet politics ("micro-Kremlinology," in his word) he established an international reputation—and made himself the target of menacing personal attacks in *Izvestia.*

Unlike many of his colleagues, Tatu was not content to rewrite government statements and forage occasionally into safe non-political areas. He scorned the pusillanimity of Moscow newsmen who protect their visas by staying in the good graces of officialdom—sometimes on the orders of a home office anxious to keep the competitive advantage of a Moscow dateline. Tatu is one of those who stepped out of line at the risk of intimidation and reprisals, as did the *Washington Post* correspondent recently expelled on such short notice that he had to leave behind his wife and children to do the packing. During Tatu's seven years he was aided by the circumstance that he worked for a French paper often described as "neutralist." His stay happened to coincide with Soviet efforts to woo de Gaulle.

In his book Tatu unfolds the method he used to probe behind the official facade. With access to the journalist's usual sources limited by the constraints and inhibitions of a closed society, he turned to inductive reasoning, falling back on the formidable logical instruments of the *lycéen.* (Is it only coincidence that some of the best in-depth political reporting of recent years—cf. the late Bernard Fall on Viet Nam—has come from Frenchmen?) The book reads like a superior detective novel, except for a plot that is never resolved,

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dénouement coming on *dénouement* as the leaders continue an endless jockeying for power. Tatu shows how the oft-scorned devices of the Kremlinologist, the nuance of meaning uncovered in the speech of the second-rank bureaucrat, the mysterious change in ranking-order of the Soviet delegation, the latest juxtaposition of official portraits, are vindicated in the hands of a master. It is unfortunate that other less conscientious practitioners have at times brought discredit to this art; as long as Soviet political life remains shrouded in mystery, it will fill a lamentable need. Kremlinology may not prophesy the future, but it is vital to understanding of the present.

Power in the Kremlin from Khrushchev to Kosygin covers the period 1960-66, with an epilogue for more recent happenings. It is a minute reconstruction, from careful gleanings of evidence, of the political in-fighting which reached a crescendo in Khrushchev's ouster in 1964, only to continue with the collective leadership which replaced him. Tatu demonstrates that Khrushchev, even at times when Soviet (and Western) media were portraying him as undisputed master, faced unremitting challenges to his authority. This record is of topical as well as historical value, for the personalities involved in overthrowing Khrushchev were mostly the same ones we see at center stage today. Ironically, in five years of rule they have at best succeeded in staving off, not eliminating, the crucial problems of Khrushchev's day: economic difficulties, social and political unrest, a collision course with China which helps to feed dissension in the world Communist movement. If anything, the pressures generated by these problems have mounted over the years.

As a methodological *tour de force*, this book will be read most appreciatively by professional *Russlandkenner*. For the general reader its appeal lies on a different plane, in its lucid portrayal of the inner workings of the only power in the world which shares with the United States the means of destroying civilization. Tatu has some mind-blowing observations on that power's present structural weakness and instability. He points out that no single member of the leadership team can make executive decisions without the consensus of his ten Politburo colleagues. The highest leaders have no set term in office. There is no orderly procedure for replenishment of top cadres, leaving the way open only to conspiracy of the kind that did in Khrushchev. Indeed, when consensus is lacking the central executive power is more diffuse than in any Western democracy, an intolerable situation for a country faced with the Soviet Union's domestic and international tasks. Party *apparatchiki*, generals, the scientific and cultural elites, and others with vested interests keep pressing the Politburo for overdue decisions. Tatu concludes that eventually things must move in either one of two directions, the Chinese way or the Yugoslav way. Meanwhile, he writes, "the only room left between the two is for rearguard action by a narrow conservatism."

The One Bread

MAX THURIAN

Sheed and Ward, $4.50

WILLIAM G. STOREY

The Eucharist is a bone of contention for many rather than the table of unity and common purpose. Brother Max Thurian of Taizé wants it to become the source and cause of active fellowship. Like other ecumenical theologians he proposes to underline what unites rather than what still divides. He is concerned specifically with handling realistically the "problem" of intercommunication.

It is a plain fact that sheer impatience with the various establishments is leading to the growing, unauthorized practice of intercommunion as a means toward unity rather than as a final sealing of it. As "irresistible pressure" builds up for unity "the desire is born to skip the intervening stages" and forge a eucharistic unity beyond ecclesiastical ententes and the formal agreements of high contracting parties. Thurian proposes that wise provisions initiated in time by ecclesiastical authorities may prevent an impromptu and *de facto* sit-

SIDEWALK

by William Barbieri, S.J.
photos by Algimantas Kezys, S.J.

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BUCKLEY
vs.
CLANCY

What in the world is going on in the Catholic Church?

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Father William Clancy, formerly associate editor of Commonweal and currently director of Pittsburgh's campus apostolate, views it as a community whose present tensions hold great promise.

These articulate spokesmen will confront each other on the topic: "Ferment in the Church—Problem or Promise?" The debate will be held at 8 PM, Thursday, November 13, at Cathedral High School auditorium, Lexington Avenue at 50th Street, Manhattan. Moderator: Father Richard Armstrong.

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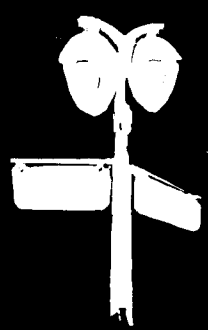

by William Barbieri, S.J.
photos by Algimantas Kezys, S.J.

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COMMONWEAL PAPERS 4

For college and seminary classes and non-academic discussion groups, special rates on last week's special issue: the Church in the Year 2000

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uation of great delicacy. He suggests that if authority will not lead the present thrust towards intercommunion they may well "have to make do with an unwelcome revolution."

As he sees it the chief obstacle to open intercommunion is no longer the doctrine of the Eucharist—there is a real convergence here among theologians and even hierarchies—but the doctrine and practice of ministry in the several denominations. Standard Catholic and Orthodox notions of what constitutes a valid eucharistic ministry simply rule out participation in Protestant Eucharists, no matter how sound their sacramental doctrine may have been.

There is the more hopeful fact, however, that if we look beyond hard and fast theologies of ministry and ordination to history and to the ministerial facts of life, here too we shall be able to discover a convergence of ideas. It is no longer possible simply to plump for episcopal, presbyterian or charismatic church orders as established by Christ. Ecclesiological diversity is now the scholarly watchword. The renewal of the doctrine of the royal priesthood of all the People of God and the rediscovery of genuine but diversified forms of ministry open new vistas on the old blind allies. Thurian suggests that an honest and searching dialogue with Quakers and Pentecostals would aid the historic churches to emerge from a "too institutionalized concept of the ministries."

Thurian's *forte* is exquisite tact in dealing with thorny questions and a delicate respect for conscientiously opposed views. This makes for an attractive, appealing and irenical book, but the further one reads the more one is tempted to question certain basic, unspoken assumptions which underlie this book and so much other ecumenical activity. It seems to this reviewer that professional ecumenists still assume too much. Thurian quietly assumes, for example, that "reunion all around" is a goal to be pursued, that episcopal church government will eventually become normative for all, that a certain style of eucharistic anaphora should prevail. Strangely enough, while the main thrust of the book is buttressed by modern studies stressing ecclesiological pluralism, Thurian assumes that Jesus' prayer for unity will someday mean a super-church and a high degree of religious uniformity.

Rather than aiming too high perhaps this is aiming too low. Instead of relying on comprehensiveness and a fraternal unity as wide as the Christian name, such ecumenism relies on set patterns of dogma, discipline and structure to be the catalyst and mode of unity. Would it not be more realistic to grant freely that divergent dogmatic emphasis, different liturgical preferences and distant moral tastes are normal and inevitable? Instead of trying vainly to smooth out all the ecclesiastical differences, would it not be more profitable to strive to eliminate the divisive prejudice of thinking our preferences the only possible ones dictated by the Spirit? In an age of healthy and open dialogue an emerging consensus is bound to filter through all the churches. Nothing apparently can stop an idea whose time has come. In the meantime a sense of history might lead us to have a healthy respect for the ordered diversity of the churches of God. None of them can ever be the kingdom of God and of his Christ; none of them will even be fully one, holy, catholic and apostolic. Allegiance to a common Lord, respect for the truth and reverence for the God-given freedom of others is already too large an order for most Christians, it seems.

The One Bread like the One God and his abiding revelation in Christ is too rich to be absorbed by any liturgical tradition or any definition. The only major obstacle to the unity of Christians

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REVIEWERS

NANCY R. MCWILLIAMS studies psychology at Brooklyn College.

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is an obsessive and sectarian preoccupation with oneself and one's own limited view of the full Gospel.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 171)

else. There are perhaps moments when the firing squad lines up and the decision becomes a simple either/or between resistance and capitulation, but that is not where we live most of the time. Where we live most of the time is in the midst of a dim, frustrating struggle to turn the course of evil around, even if by a little bit, and in that struggle we need to enlist all the resources we have. This includes all kinds of ambiguous coalitions of peoples whose hearts are less than pure, but who together might add up to some political impact.

Insofar as Daniel and the many other radicals in this country have tended to turn people away from this kind of political struggle on the grounds that it was not "sufficiently radical," I am convinced that they have done a disservice to their own cause and have become more interested in the glories of their martyrdom than in the ways of alleviating the murder of the innocent And yet the main stream of American society again seems to be responding in a massive political way, and so, in spite of their tendency to puristic isolation, I think their actions are, willy-nilly, playing back into the main stream political struggle which is the only place where significant social change in this country can be effected.

ROSEMARY RUETHER

Flint

To the Editors: An open letter to Daniel Berrigan.

Dan,

1. I have read the agony of your words. I have heard the hurt and shame that spills over in the ink. The bitterness and anguish and disgust.

2. The institution that does not care. The vacillating, un-Christian preachments that make a mockery of humanity. It's all too true, or at least it looks like it is from here . . . and from where you are, too.

3. But how could you respond with the vindictiveness and malice that destroys another human being? Which does not heal, or change or even cauterize.

4. Did Jesus ask how many times?

5. It is not easy to forgive, to love the unlovable (if there are such) to embrace with acceptance the pompous goose-stepping prelate . . . but it is Christian and you taught us that in the end that was what mattered.

6. Dan, a man must be at peace to bring peace. Don't take up the sword lest the ghosts of peacemakers rise up in shocked dismay.

7. Be at peace.

DON EDER

Hayward, Calif.

To the Editors: Even when I have been unable to fully understand Daniel Berrigan, I have admired him. He is courageous, talented and . . . (you fill in the rest of the complimentary adjectives; plenty apply). Still, I did not admire his Defregger article. Defregger had some Eichmann in him, and that is tragic. But Berrigan should have read enough Dostoevsky, or somebody else, to suspect that moral recuperation is possible.

After Berrigan dies for his principles (and in this surrealistic world, he may yet have to), he will be entitled to pass judgment on a man who could not lay down his life for his enemies. Until then, Berrigan's moral superiority is not certified. That is the Christian's Peter Principle. Before the cock crowed, Berrigan seemed incapable of betraying Christian principles.

Then there is that rhetorical flight beginning: "Your Eminence and Excellencies . . . we have news for you. . . ." Hogwash. Berrigan's news is so dated it is embarrassing. And the secret knowledge of any holy clique is suspect.

Berrigan remains something of a hero to me. But, like the rest of us, he has proved capable of making an ass of himself while trying to be serious.

God deliver us from a Berrigan gone pompous.

JOE NOONAN

Odd Man In

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: The photograph of Hugh Scott and myself gives a good picture of the new Senate Republican leadership ["News & Views," Oct 7], but as carried by the *New York Times*, it sort of makes me feel like the odd member of the odd couple.

ROBERT P. GRIFFIN
U. S. Senator

by William Barbieri, S.J.
photos by Algimantas Kezys, S.J.

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"... we thought we wouldn't be labelled 'dirty Indians' anymore."

— *Deborah Rooks*

Deborah is a Sioux Indian high school girl who is tired of hearing Indians called "dirty," "lazy," "savage" — or any of the other epithets hurled at her people. And she's sick at heart from seeing other Indians her age who have been taught to be **ashamed they are Indians.** She knows all of this is cruelly wrong.

Because . . . Deborah knows the history and heritage of her people — a heritage rich in cultural values our confused society could do well to borrow. She understands the problems of her people and knows why she has a rightful pride in her Indian ancestry. She knows all this better than most Indians do, because this is part of her education at Red Cloud Indian School.

But, she wonders, do you know? Does anyone know, or even care? She revealed the depth of her feelings — and echoed those of her classmates — when she wrote about the late Senator Robert Kennedy's visit to our school:

> "I remember April 16, 1968 very clearly. It was a chilly, cloudy day, and all of us were waiting outside for Mr. Kennedy. When he came I felt sorry for him. He looked tired and sad, yet he kept smiling. He told us of our Indian heritage. He spoke of the good in the Indian people. It looked as though some of the kids were going to cry. He made us feel proud of our race, not ashamed. There were faraway looks in the eyes of the kids around me. Each face held a different look. Some were looking at him in awe, others with hope, others with faith. They felt that someone had finally realized we are here, someone who could help us was going to help us, and not push us away. He knew we cared, and we knew he cared, and we wouldn't be labelled 'dirty Indians' anymore."

Few people realize the terrible hurt our society has dealt to Indian youths. In movies, on TV — and even in some school books — they are vilified and humiliated. In some Indian schools they are taught to look down on their own people. They grow up ashamed, many believing that perhaps Indians are inferior. Yet the FACT is they are as

Robert Kennedy visiting with a Sioux Indian boy in his home on the Pine Ridge Reservation.

intelligent, as capable and as talented as any other children anywhere. And more perceptive than most. All they need **is a chance.**

That is why I beg for them. They desperately need our help, and I need your help to keep this school going. This is the nation's largest private school for Indian children. We take in more than 500 Sioux children each year, from pre-school through high school. Over half are boarders. They learn everything your kids learn — plus special studies to help them understand Indian problems and adjust to the world the white man has forced on them. With love, understanding and guidance we restore their human dignity and build their self-confidence. Anything you can send helps buy food, clothing, books, equipment. $5, $10, $20 — any amount you can spare helps these native American boys and girls get the same chance in life other American children get. Believe me, no one deserves it more.

— ***Father Ted Zuern, S. J.***

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